Follow your Soldier (as before) hence you
And at the banckes of Anly meete us with
The forces you can raiſe, where we ſhall finde
The moytie of a number, for a buſines,
More bigger look't; ſince that our Theame is haſte
I ſtamp this kiſſe upon thy currant lippe,
Sweete keepe it as my Token; Set you forward
For I will ſee you gone. *Exeunt towards the Temple.*
Farewell my beauteous Siſter: *Pyrithous*
Keepe the feaſt full, bate not an howre on't.
Pirithous. Sir
Ile follow you at heeles; The Feaſts ſolempnity
Shall want till your returne.
Theſ. Coſen I charge you
Boudge not from Athens; We ſhall be returning
Ere you can end this Feaſt; of which I pray you
Make no abatement; once more farewell all.
1. *Qu.* Thus do'ſt thou ſtill make good the tongue o'th
2. *Qu.* And earnſt a Deity equal with Mars, (world.
3. *Qu.* If not above him, for
Thou being but mortall makeſt affections bend
To Godlike honours; they themſelves ſome ſay
Grone under ſuch a Maſtry.
Theſ. As we are men
Thus ſhould we doe, being ſenſually ſubdude
We looſe our humane tytle; good cheere Ladies. *Floriſh.*
Now turne we towards your Comforts. *Exeunt.*

Scæna 2. *Enter Palamon, and Arcite.*

Arcite. Deere *Palamon*, deerer in love then Blood
And our prime Coſen, yet unhardned in
The Crimes of nature; Let us leave the Citty
Thebs, and the temptings in't, before we further
Sully our gloſſe of youth,
And here to keepe in abſtinence we ſhame
As in Incontinence; for not to ſwim
I'th aide o'th Current, were almoſt to ſincke,

At leaſt to fruſtrate ſtriving, and to follow
The common Streame, t'would bring us to an Edy
Where we ſhould turne or drowne; if labour through,
Our gaine but life, and weakenes.
Pal. Your advice
Is cride up with example; what ſtrange ruins
Since firſt we went to Schoole, may we perceive
Walking in Thebs? Skars, and bare weedes
The gaine o'th Martialiſt, who did propound
To his bold ends, honour, and golden Ingots,
Which though he won, he had not, and now flurted
By peace for whom he fought, who then ſhall offer
To *Marſis* ſo ſcornd *Altar*? I doe bleede
When ſuch I meete, and wiſh great *Juno* would
Reſume her ancient fit of *Ielouzie*
To get the Soldier worke, that peace might purge
For her repletion, and retaine anew
Her charitable heart now hard, and harſher
Then ſtrife, or war could be.
Arcite, Are you not out?
Meete you no ruine, but the Soldier in
The Cranckes, and turnes of Thebs? you did begin
As if you met decaies of many kindes:
Perceive you none, that doe arowſe your pitty
But th'un-conſiderd Soldier?
Pal. Yes, I pitty
Decaies where ere I finde them, but ſuch moſt
That ſweating in an honourable Toyle
Are paide with yce to coole 'em.
Arcite, Tis not this
I did begin to ſpeake of: This is vertue
Of no reſpect in Thebs, I ſpake of Thebs
How dangerous if we will keepe our Honours,
It is for our reſyding, where every evill
Hath a good cullor; where eve'ry ſeeming good's
A certaine evill, where not to be ev'n Iumpe
As they are, here were to be ſtrangers, and
Such things to be meere Monſters.